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MARCH

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ADVENTURES INTO THE

UNKNOWN

10¢

HOLY-SMOKE!
THE INJURED MAN
AND DOLL- IDENTICAL
—BOTH LYING THERE
THAT WAY...

What STRANGE THING
HAD HAPPENED
WITHIN THIS DUSTY
CHAMBER? FOR THE
SURPRISING STORY,
READ...
"The REPAIR
SHOP!"

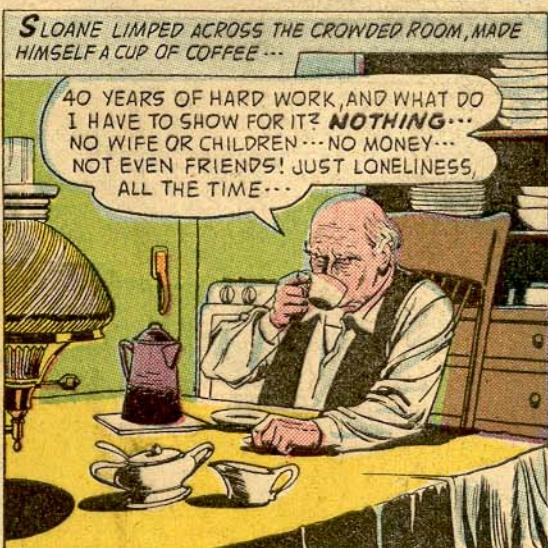
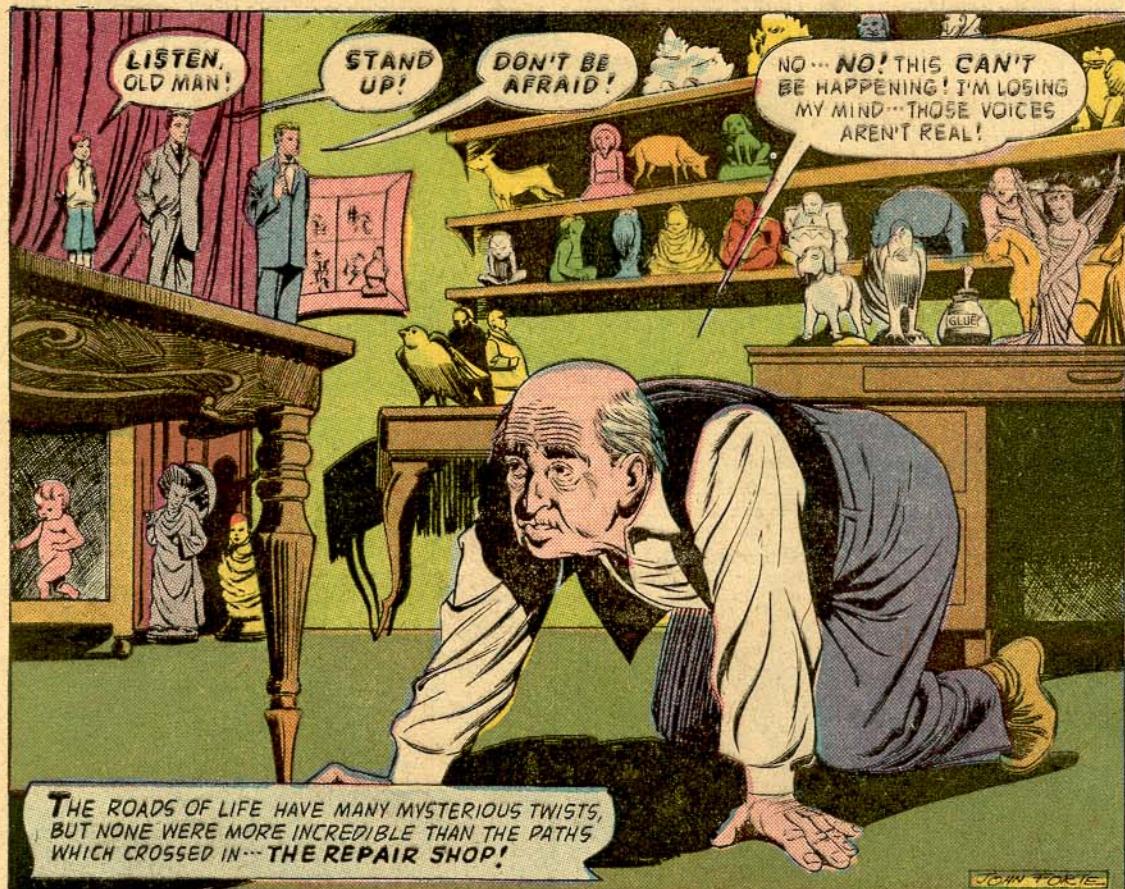


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MORE THAN BROKEN FIGURINES CAN BE PUT TOGETHER IN...

The REPAIR SHOP!



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HE SLEPT IN A SMALL, DUSTY ROOM IN BACK OF THE SHOP...

TIME WAS WHEN THE FIGURINES WERE ALL THE COMPANIONS I NEEDED---BUT NO MORE! I'VE WASTED MY LIFE---AND YET, THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT! BUT---WHY COMPLAIN ABOUT THINGS THAT CAN'T BE HELPED?

FOR YEARS HE'D LIVED IN DREAMS---RICH, GOLDEN DAY-DREAMS IN WHICH HE PLAYED MAGNIFICENT ROLES---BUT THEY NO LONGER SATISFIED HIM...

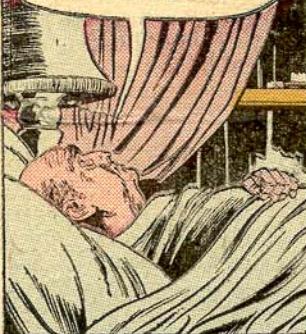
CAN'T EVEN GET ANY FUN OUT OF MAKE-BELIEVE ANY MORE! BUT IT WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER---I'M AN OLD MAN...

THAT DAY HE HAD A VERY DISTINGUISHED CUSTOMER...

A TABLE WAS ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED OVER IN MY HOME, BREAKING THESE THREE FIGURINES OF A BOY, A YOUNG MAN AND AN OLDER MAN! I'M FOND OF THEIR WONDERFUL CRAFTSMANSHIP

...COULD THEY BE REPAIRED? ACME REPAIR SHOP

MIND IF I HAVE A LOOK AT THEM?



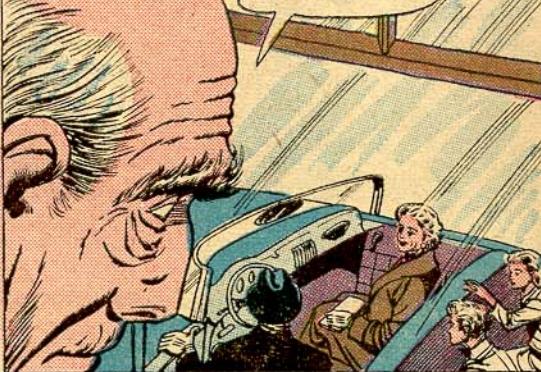
The man looked strangely familiar to Sloane! WHERE HAD HE SEEN HIM BEFORE...? WHEN HE QUESTIONED HIM...

I'M A WELL-KNOWN PAINTER! BUT THE FIGURINES---I'VE BROUGHT ALONG THE BROKEN PARTS! I'LL PAY ANYTHING YOU ASK!

I'LL BE ABLE TO FIX THEM, ALL RIGHT... SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE THAN A FEW DAYS!

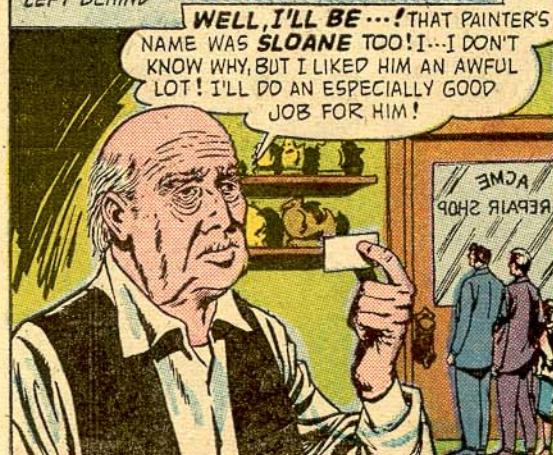
SLOANE WATCHED THE CUSTOMER STRIDE VIGOROUSLY OUT OF THE SHOP...

HIS WIFE AND GRANDCHILDREN, PROBABLY---WONDER WHERE I SAW HIM BEFORE? HE'S GOT EVERYTHING---STRENGTH, MONEY, FAMILY... HOW I ENVY HIM!



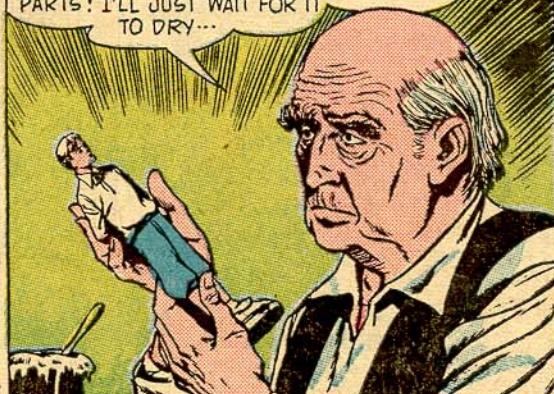
AS THE CAR SPED AWAY, SLOANE LIMPED BACK TO HIS WORK TABLE, PICKED UP AN ADDRESS CARD LEFT BEHIND...

WELL, I'LL BE...! THAT PAINTER'S NAME WAS SLOANE TOO! I... I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I LIKED HIM AN AWFUL LOT! I'LL DO AN ESPECIALLY GOOD JOB FOR HIM!



HE PICKED UP THE FIGURE OF THE BOY FIRST! FIXING THE BROKEN LEG PROVED SIMPLE...

JUST A LITTLE GLUE'S ALL THAT'S NEEDED! GOOD THING HE COLLECTED THE SHATTERED PARTS! I'LL JUST WAIT FOR IT TO DRY...



AS THE GLUE DRIED AND HARDENED QUICKLY,
SUDDENLY...

MY LEG--THAT SHARP,
STABBING PAIN!
OHHHH!



A BROKEN LEG IN A FOOTBALL
GAME AS A BOY, AND YET IT HAD
CHANGED HIS DESTINY...

I'M SORRY, MRS.
SLOANE, BUT HIS LEG
JUST WON'T HEAL
PROPERLY! I'M
AFRAID HE'LL HAVE
A BAD LIMP FROM
NOW ON...

OH, HOW
TERRIBLE...

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE FREAK
THINGS BEYOND MEDICAL HELP,
AND IT LEFT THE BOY EMBITTERED
AND LONELY...

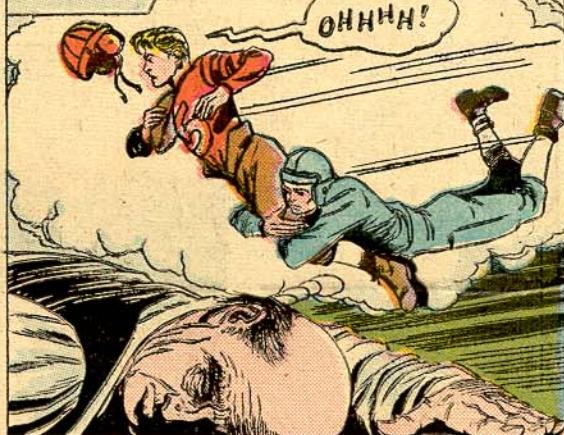
WHY DON'T YOU
GO OUT AND PLAY
WITH YOUR
FRIENDS?

WHAT FOR?
I--I CAN'T DO
THE THINGS THEY
CAN ANY LONGER!
I'D RATHER STAY
HERE!



EVERYTHING SWAM VIOLENTLY BEFORE HIS EYES! BY
THE TIME HE HIT THE FLOOR, HE WAS UNCONSCIOUS, AND
YET--OLD MEMORIES DRIFTED FROM THE DEPTHS OF
HIS BRAIN...

OHHHH!



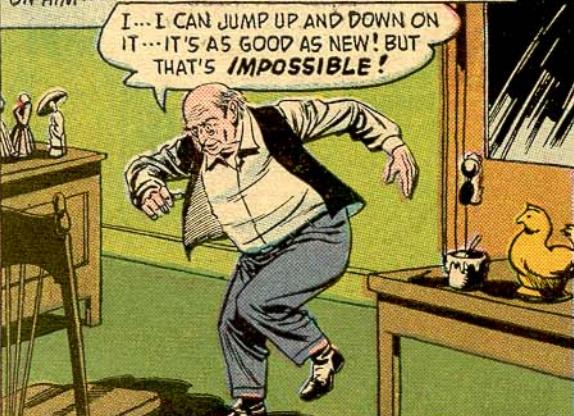
NOW SLOANE'S SENSES RETURNED...

WHAT MADE ME PASS OUT--AND HOW
COME THOSE OLD MEMORIES? FUNNY,
I DON'T FEEL ANY PAIN IN MY LEG
ANY MORE... WHAT COULD HAVE
CAUSED IT?



WHEN HE PLACED WEIGHT ON HIS GAME LEG, SOMETHING
ASTOUNDING HAPPENED! FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE
CHILDHOOD, HIS LEG SUPPORTED HIM WITHOUT EFFORT!
SEVERAL MOMENTS PASSED BEFORE THE TRUTH DAWNED
ON HIM...

I... I CAN JUMP UP AND DOWN ON
IT--IT'S AS GOOD AS NEW! BUT
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



LIKE A WILD MAN, HE BOUNDED ABOUT THE SHOP!
THERE COULD BE NO QUESTION NOW... THE LIMP
WAS GONE!

AM I--IMAGINING THIS TOO? THE
THING SEEMS TO LOOK THE WAY I
DID--WHEN I WAS A BOY!



NOW HIS GAZE SHIFTED TO THE FIGURINE OF THE YOUNG MAN AND WAS INSTANTLY HELD THERE...AS IF HYPNOTICALLY! LIKE A ROBOT HIS HANDS REACHED FOR TOOLS...

GOT TO FIX THE SPOT WHERE THE CHEST IS CAVED IN---WHERE THE **HEART** SHOULD BE! GOT TO DO IT **NOW**... THIS VERY MINUTE...

HE SEEMED TO HAVE NO WILL OF HIS OWN AS HIS SKILLED HANDS WORKED SWIFTLY! THEN, STRANGELY, A TRANCE-LIKE STATE SWEPT OVER HIM...

MEMORIES---OLD MEMORIES---SWEEPING BACK AGAIN! THE GIRL I LOVED---I CAN SEE HER NOW, JUST AS SHE WAS...

SOMETIMES YOU---YOU MAKE ME SO **MAD**! WHY WON'T YOU BELIEVE THAT I LOVE YOU...

WHY?

YOU---YOU JUST **PITY** ME! A STRONG, LOVELY GIRL LIKE YOU---AND ME JUST A CRIPPLE...



DON'T CALL YOURSELF THAT! OH, PLEASE, **PLEASE** UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE ALL THAT MATTERS TO ME!

YOU'RE JUST BEING---KIND! ANYWAY, I WON'T RUIN YOUR LIFE! WE---WE'D BETTER NOT SEE EACH OTHER ANYMORE...



YES, HE REMEMBERED THE WHOLE PAINFUL INCIDENT VIVIDLY, AND WHEN THE TRANCE-LIKE STATE ENDED...

MAYBE I WAS WRONG---MAYBE SHE REALLY **DID** LOVE ME! OH, WHAT A FOOL I WAS! HOW DIFFERENT EVERYTHING WOULD'VE BEEN IF I HADN'T BEEN SO EMBITTERED, IF ONLY I'D **TRUSTED** HER LOVE!



I---I CAN SEE IT ALL SO CLEARLY NOW! THIS LONELY LIFE I LEAD---FOR THE FIRST TIME I REALIZE THAT I **BROUGHT IT ON MYSELF**!



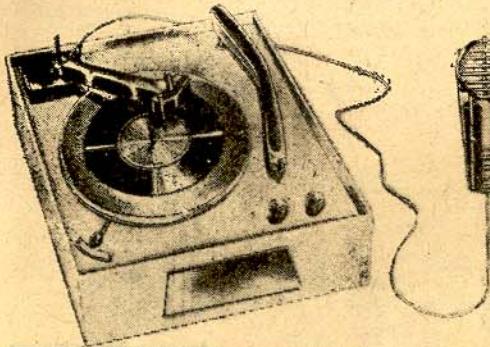
THE EYES OF THE THIRD FIGURINE---THE MATURE MAN---NOW RIVETED HIS ATTENTION! ONCE AGAIN, HE SEEMED TO HAVE NO WILL OF HIS OWN...

A LITTLE GLUE---AND THEN REPLACE THE BROKEN HEAD PART---WHERE THE TOP OF THE BRAIN WOULD BE! THE THING SEEMS TO BE **TELLING** ME WHAT TO DO, FORCING ME...



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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Laugh, Scream, Play or Sing! Record it all. Fun for Family and Friends. Immediate playback. Small records to friends. Many practical uses. Improves voice. Used in schools. Even records words from another room.

Your voice sounds wonderful. Let's make a Bill & Record.

THESE EASY AND FUN TO USE + USEFUL TOOL

I JUST FINISHED
MAKING IT.



Now You Can Make Records at Home!

LOW PRICE OF Recorder made possible by using your phonograph. Recording can film by phonograph turntable at 33 1/2 or 78 r.p.m. speed records. Easy to use. Put blank record on your phonograph, turntable, portable, etc. Hold in place with a piece of tape. Place the stiletto cutting arm and you're ready. No wiring or connections to make. Electro-magnetic needle. Operates on 110-volt electric current. Set includes: Complete Recording Unit, Studio Microphone, Studio Cutting Needle and 3 Blank Records. Portable carrying case 10x15x4-in with handle. Complete Set. Price Postpaid Only.

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Page Roy

(Left) Choice of Blonde or Brunette. \$2.95

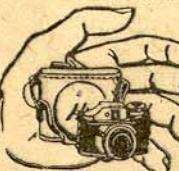
Beautiful

Curls

(Right) Choice of Blonde or Brunette. \$2.50

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Hides in Hand. Take SECRET Photo! Half the size of cigarette package. Weighs 1/2 oz. All metal, leather-lined hood.



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Film 100, 3x, 3 for 40c

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Ferocious. Realistic rubber "meat". 100% fits entire head. 98¢ Only

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Natural color rubber. On or off in seconds. 85¢ Only

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Safe, Yet Terrific Explosion!

Big Flash!

Safe, Yet Terrific Explosion!

Big Flash! Looks and sounds like gunpowder, yet it's safe. Does not burn, but when compressed, it explodes with a terrific, carbide explosion, brilliant flash comes out barrel.

Hand can be held in front of face, yet flash will not burn. Guns are made of cast iron, strongly built to withstand heavy firing. Finish is smooth, gunmetal gray, tan color with red trim. Machined metal fittings. Heavy, accurate, detailed construction makes it a beauty in looks. Practically inde-

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Ammunition.

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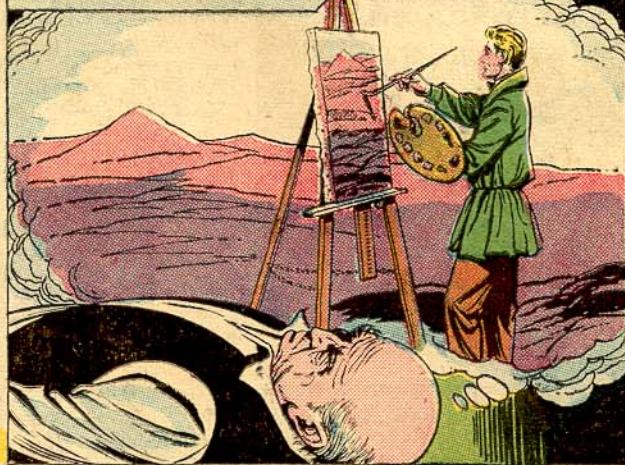
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THE INSTANT THE WORK WAS DONE, HIS SENSES REELED...



HE REMEMBERED BACK...BACK TO HOW IN HIS LONELINESS, HE HAD TAKEN UP PAINTING...



HE'D OPENED A REPAIR SHOP TO EARN A LIVING, BUT ALL HIS SPARE TIME WAS SPENT PAINTING! A FRIEND HAD ADMIRED HIS WORK...



ARE YOU **SERIOUS?** YOU MAY HAVE IT IN YOU TO MAKE A BIG REPUTATION! THINK OF THE MONEY, THE FAME!

WHAT GOOD'S ALL THAT... TO A **CRIPPLE?**

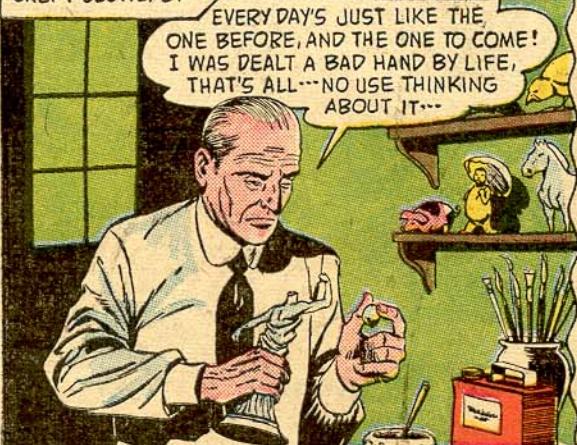


THAT NIGHT, HE BURNED ALL HIS WORK...

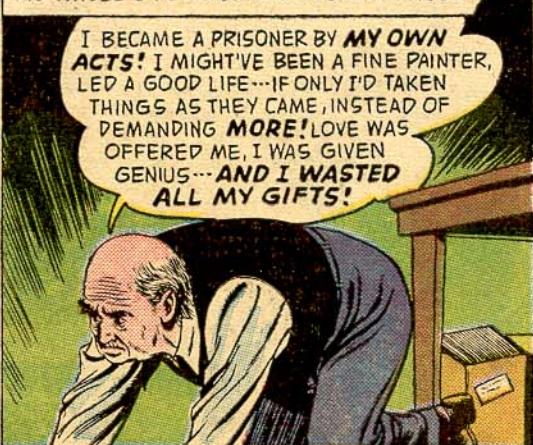
IT ONLY **HURTS** ME NOW TO LOOK AT MY PICTURES! SUPPOSE I **WAS** FAMOUS... IT'D ONLY MAKE ME MORE UNHAPPY, KNOWING THAT TRUE LOVE CAN NEVER BE MINE, THAT I COULD NEVER PARTICIPATE IN ALL THE THINGS THAT'D COME MY WAY AS A CELEBRITY! BURN... GO AHEAD... **BURN!**



AND SO SLOANE DEVOTED HIMSELF COMPLETELY TO HIS WORK IN THE REPAIR SHOP, AND THE MEANINGLESS YEARS CREST SLOWLY BY...



THE MEMORY IMAGES FADED AWAY, AND SLOANE RETURNED TO HIS SENSES! BUT NOW HE SAW HIS WHOLE LIFE FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE...



WASTED...ALL WASTED! IF ONLY I HAD IT TO DO ALL OVER AGAIN... THINGS'D BE SO DIFFERENT!

YES, AND YOU DESERVE...

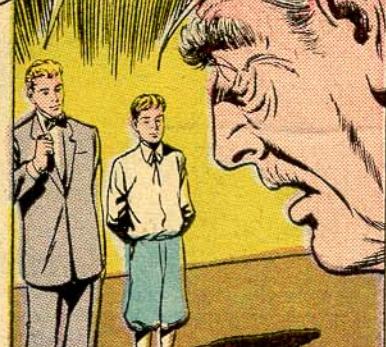
...ANOTHER CHANCE!

HAD HE LOST HIS MIND? WHERE WERE THE SMALL, HIGH VOICES COMING FROM? HE WHIRLED IN TERROR...

YOU HEARD CORRECTLY! LOVE WILL BE OFFERED YOU AGAIN! I... I'VE GONE INSANE!

YOU USED YOUR LIFE FOOLISHLY, BUT FATE IS DEALING YOU ANOTHER HAND! YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD MAN...ALWAYS MEANT WELL...

LET'S START HIM OFF AGAIN AS A BOY... NO! STOP IT!



HE THREW HIS HANDS TO HIS EARS TO SHUT OUT THE SOUNDS, AND THEN THE LIGHT OF A THOUSAND SUNS SEEMED TO EXPLODE...



HE REMEMBERED NOTHING AFTER THAT! HE HAD NO AWARENESS OF HAVING RETURNED TO CHILDHOOD...



YOU OKAY? DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU SO HARD!

IT'S ALL RIGHT! FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT I BROKE MY LEG--BUT IT'S OKAY. THANK HEAVENS!



ANOTHER LIFE...LIVED ONCE MORE...BUT NOW IT WAS DIFFERENT! SLOANE GREW UP A HAPPY AND NORMAL MAN...FELL IN LOVE...

YOU MEAN EVERYTHING TO ME, DARLING! WILL YOU... MARRY ME?

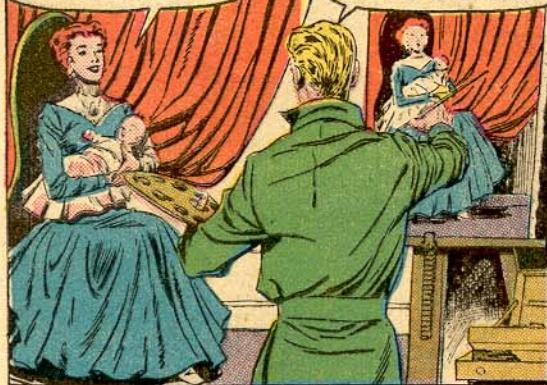
DON'T YOU KNOW I WILL? SWEETHEART...



THEY WERE HAPPY, HAD A CHILD, AND WHEN THE YOUNG HUSBAND TOOK UP PAINTING...

I THINK YOU HAVE LOADS OF TALENT, DEAR! YOU SHOULD GO AT IT SERIOUSLY!

I INTEND TO, HONEY! I'M GOING TO APPLY FOR A SCHOLARSHIP TO STUDY IN EUROPE!



HIS EARLY WORKS CAUSED A SENSATION, BRINGING WEALTH AND RENOWN! PARIS WAS AT HIS FEET...

YOU ARE A GENIUS, SIR! ABSOLUTELY MAGNIFICENT!

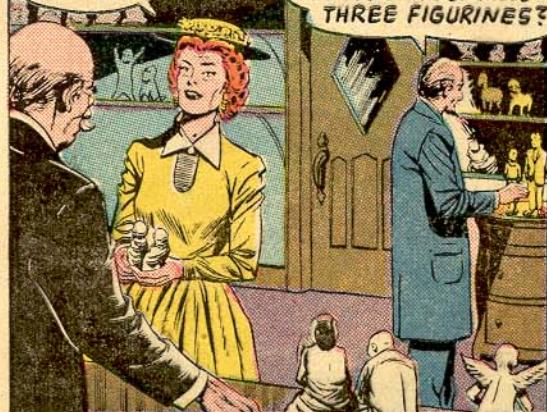
I ALWAYS SAID YOU HAD IT IN YOU!



ONE DAY, YEARS LATER, THEY WERE BROWSING IN A CURIOSITY SHOP IN VENICE...

HOW MUCH FOR THESE?

MIND COMING OVER HERE, SWEETHEART? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE THREE FIGURINES?



HMM... THEY ARE BEAUTIFULLY MADE! AND THEY LOOK SORT OF FAMILIAR!

YES... THEY FASCINATE ME! I'M GOING TO BUY THEM!



IN SLOAN'S NEW YORK MANSION, THE FIGURINES ALWAYS HAD A PLACE OF HONOR...

HONESTLY, DEAR, I SIMPLY CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU STARE AT THOSE THINGS SO OFTEN! THEY SEEM TO HYPNOTIZE ME!

IT... IT'S AS IF THEY'RE SPEAKING TO ME! I KNOW IT'S CRAZY, BUT SOMEHOW THEY SEEM VERY IMPORTANT IN MY LIFE! I WOULDN'T PART WITH THEM FOR ANYTHING!

HE WAS QUITE AN OLD MAN WHEN THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED...

THE MAID IS TERRIBLY APOLOGETIC, DEAR! SHE KNOCKED OVER THE TABLE UNWITTINGLY! CAN ANYTHING BE DONE?

I'LL TAKE THEM TO A REPAIR SHOP! I MUST BE SURE TO PICK UP ALL THE PIECES! SOMEHOW, I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN... SOONER OR LATER...



WHAT AN AWFUL NEIGHBORHOOD! WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT THE FIGURINES HERE?

I JUST TOOK THE FIRST NAME I SAW IN THE PHONE BOOK! YOU WAIT HERE WITH YOUR GRANDMOTHER, KIDS... I WON'T BE LONG!



THE MOMENT HE ENTERED THE OLD BUILDING, A MYSTERIOUS SENSE OF DREAD SWEPT OVER HIM...

IT'S...UNCANNY! THIS OLD BUILDING...IT SEEMS SO FAMILIAR TO ME! AND YET...I'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE...

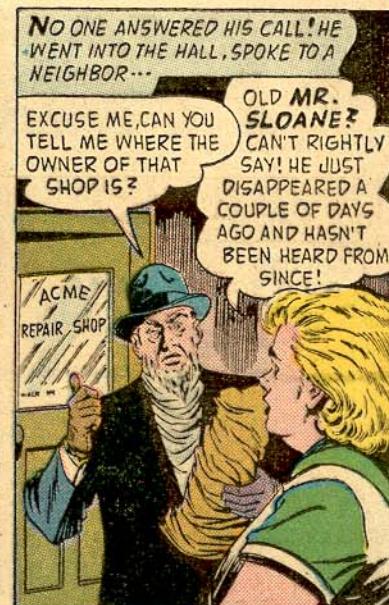
EVERYTHING HERE...IT SEEMS ENGRAVED ON MY MIND! WHY AM I SO... FRIGHTENED?

HELLO! ANYBODY AROUND?

NO ONE ANSWERED HIS CALL! HE WENT INTO THE HALL, SPOKE TO A NEIGHBOR...

EXCUSE ME, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE OWNER OF THAT SHOP IS?

OLD MR. SLOANE? CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY! HE JUST DISAPPEARED A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO AND HASN'T BEEN HEARD FROM SINCE!



DID YOU SAY HIS NAME WAS...**SLOANE**? HOW... EXTRAORDINARY!

SAY...HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE, MISTER?

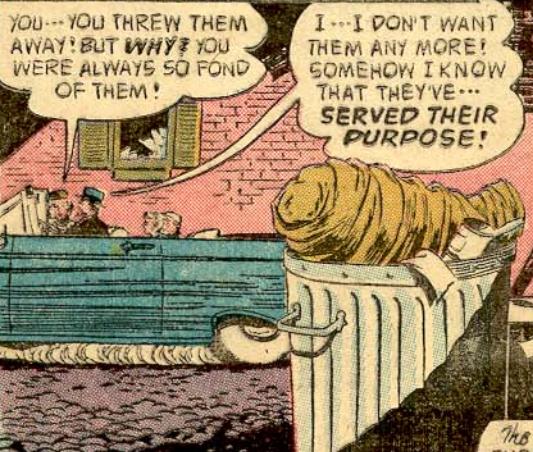
HE STARED AT THE SLOVENLY WOMAN, AND SOMEHOW... HE WAS SURE HE HAD SEEN HER BEFORE...



SLOANE LEFT HURRIEDLY! HE NEEDED FRESH AIR DESPERATELY...



AT A NEARBY ASHCAN, SLOANE GOT RID OF HIS PACKAGES, TO THE AMAZEMENT OF HIS WIFE...



A PIGEON from GREECE!

PROFESSOR HARVEY SHANE'S WEEKEND HOBBY WAS DUCK HUNTING...



WHEN THE DOG RETURNED, THE PROFESSOR WAS ASTONISHED...



THE MESSAGE PROVED EVEN MORE ASTONISHING...



EACH STAGE OF THE EVENT PROVED EVEN MORE BAFFLING...



PROFESSOR SHANE REFUSED TO LET THE MATTER REST! HE TURNED OVER THE PARCHMENT TO THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT FOR STUDY...



AND SO BEGAN A RAGING CONTROVERSY! THE PIGEON, THE PARCHMENT, THE WRITING---EACH WAS EXAMINED AGAIN AND AGAIN...



THE END!

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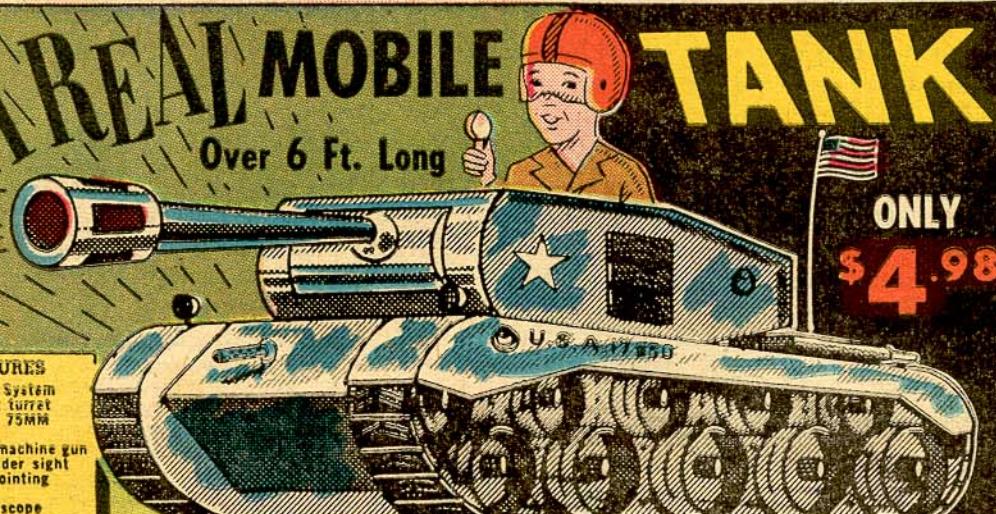
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The NOTHING CABINET

It was a strange friendship, that between Professor Arthur Stokes, debunker of the supernatural, and Henry Middleton, researcher into the occult. Continually, Stokes pooh-poohed superstition, while Middleton maintained that there were stranger things in this world than the mind of man could conceive. Always, he pointed to *Nostradamus*, the metaphysician of the middle ages, as proof that the *Unknown* really exists.

Finally, Professor Stokes determined to show up Nostradamus' experiments into the occult.

He was lucky enough to chance on an auction of newly-discovered apparatus that had belonged to the old sage, where he purchased a strange device called the *Nothing Cabinet*, an ancient wooden cabinet covered with strange, cabalistic signs. It had been built by Nostradamus, who stated that whomever closed himself within it and uttered a certain incantation would completely disappear. It was a stroke of luck to have come up with this, thought the Professor. He even had the proper incantation, written in still-legible medieval script. He would use it as the climax of his lecture; a laugh-getter which would clinch the case against superstition.

"Don't do it," warned Henry Middleton. "Don't meddle with forces you don't understand!"

But Professor Stokes only laughed, confident that Middleton feared to have his idol, Nostradamus, shown up.

The lecture was heavily attended, and everything went off swimmingly. Point by point, Stokes disposed of Nostradamus' experiments into the supernatural by the sheer force of his logic. And finally came the grand point of the evening, when the "Nothing Cabinet" was wheeled onstage. Stokes explained its nature, coaxing many a laugh from the audience.

Then he entered the old device, and closed the door after him. From within, his voice could be heard, chanting the ancient incantation, and the audience watched and listened, with broad grins of appreciation on their faces. Trust Professor Stokes to show up that charlatan! But the Professor didn't emerge. When they opened the cabinet, columns of dark smoke poured out. And inside—there was *nobody*!

Professor Stokes was never seen again. All that remained, still to be seen in the Museum of The Occult, was the Nothing Cabinet—*empty*!

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946
(Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF

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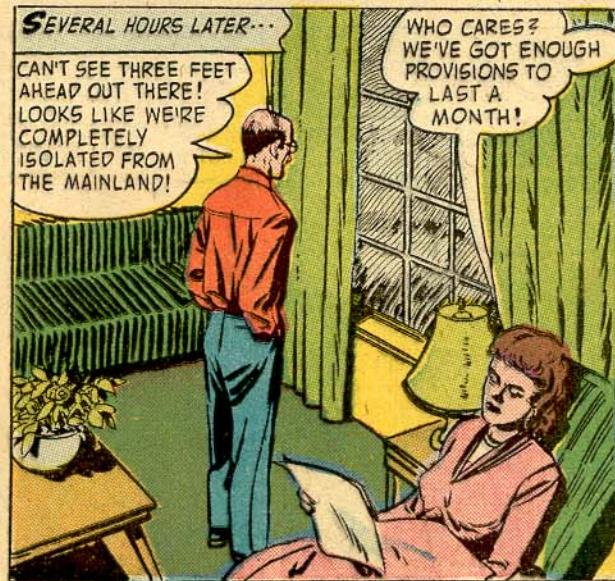
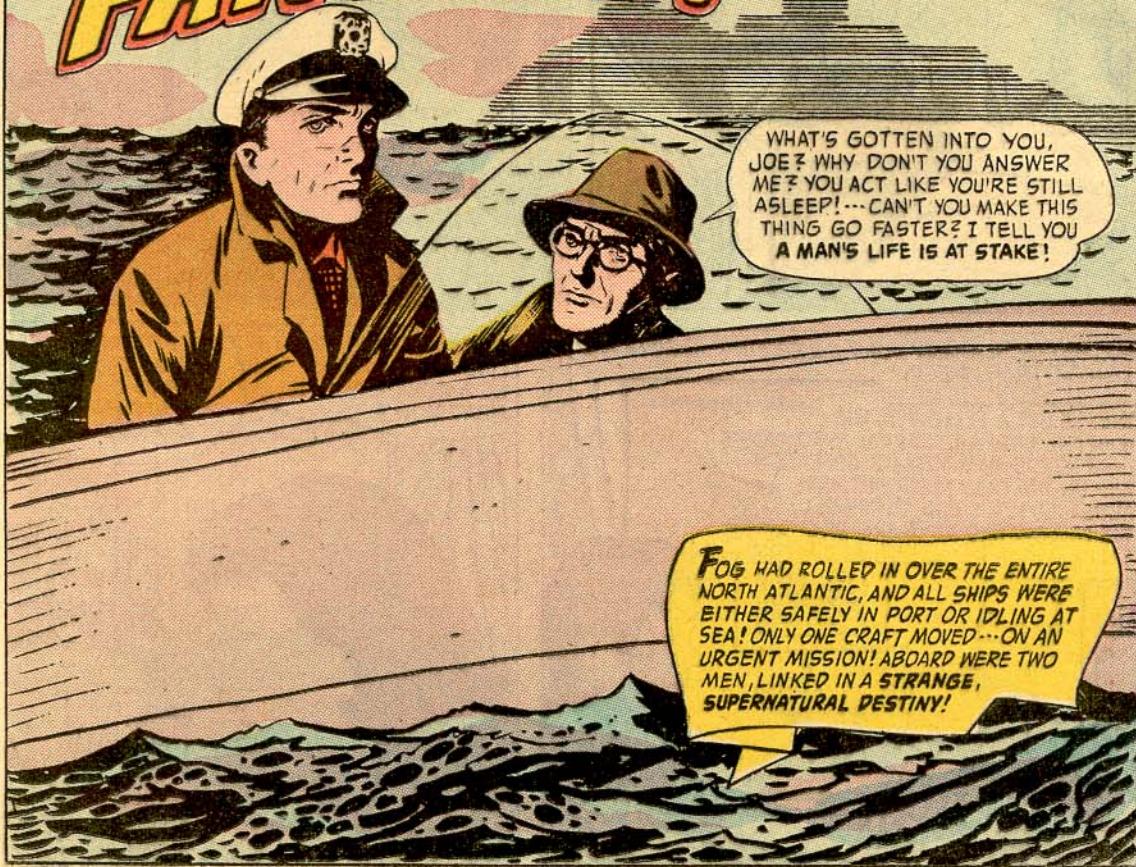
(Signed)

RICHARD E. HUGHES
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me on this
24th day of September, 1957.

IRVING JUDKOFF
Notary Public, State of New York.
Term expires March 30, 1958

FOG and FANTASY!



IT WAS LONG PAST MIDNIGHT WHEN...

WHO ON EARTH
COULD BE CALLING
US AT THIS HOUR?

WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT...

RING!
R-RING!



THE EXCITED VOICE ON THE OTHER END IMMEDIATELY RESTORED HIM TO COMPLETE WAKEFULNESS...

WHAT'S THAT?... YES, OF COURSE
I'LL COME! WHAT CHOICE DO I
HAVE? GET THE OPERATING ROOM
READY!

WHAT? SURELY
YOU'RE NOT
THINKING OF
REACHING THE
MAINLAND
TONIGHT!



DR. BETHEL SLAMMED DOWN THE RECEIVER ANGRILY AND LEAPED FROM HIS BED...

THEY'VE GOT A FELLOW IN THE HOSPITAL WITH A CEREBRAL THROMBOSIS... HE NEEDS AN IMMEDIATE OPERATION AND I'M THE ONLY NEUROSURGEON AVAILABLE! CALL JOE CARDWELL, THE FELLOW WHO RUNS THE SEA TAXI SERVICE!

GOOD HEAVENS, THE LINE IS DEAD! MUST BE A POWER FAILURE! WHAT NOW?

KEEP TRYING! JOE'S MY ONLY CHANCE OF GETTING THERE... AND A MAN'S LIFE IS AT STAKE!



BUT THE LINE REMAINED DEAD! THE DOCTOR FINISHED DRESSING, PICKED UP THE PHONE HIMSELF...

HELLO! HELLO!... THEY MUST'VE
GOSH! JOE,
THERE'S AN
EMERGENCY!

THE DOCTOR EXPLAINED RAPIDLY...

I KNOW IT'S QUITE RISKY TO GO OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS... BUT THERE'S NO CHOICE!... GOOD, I'LL MEET YOU DOWN AT THE WHARF!



THE DOCTOR EXPLAINED RAPIDLY...

THE FOG WAS COLD AND CLAMMY, AND WAITING WAS HARD...

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE
ALREADY! HE'S PROBABLY CHANGED
HIS MIND AND
TURNED
BACK!

I KNOW IT'S QUITE RISKY TO GO OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS... BUT THERE'S NO CHOICE!... GOOD, I'LL MEET YOU DOWN AT THE WHARF!



NOT IF I KNOW
JOE... HE'S A FINE
FELLOW! WHY DON'T YOU GO
BACK TO THE HOUSE,
MILDRED? PLEASE,
FOR MY SAKE...

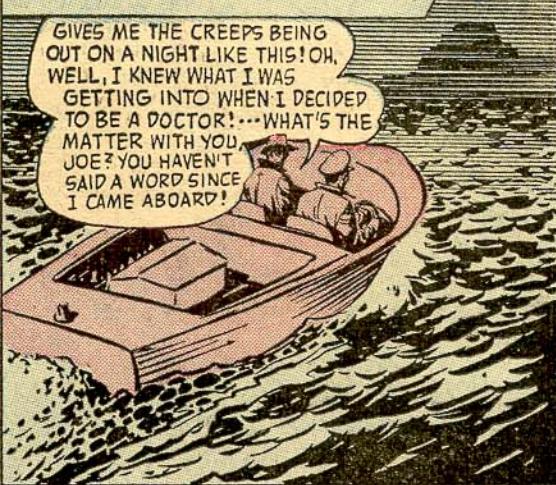
DR. BETHEL WAS ALONE WHEN THE LAUNCH FINALLY APPEARED OUT OF THE MIST! HE BREATHED A DEEP SIGH OF RELIEF...

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN! GET ME TO THE MAINLAND AS FAST AS POSSIBLE...EVERY SECOND COUNTS!



ALL THAT COULD BE HEARD ON THE FOG-LADEN CHANNEL WAS THE GENTLE TINKLING OF NEARBY BUDS, AND THE STEADY DRONE OF THE LAUNCH'S MOTORS...

GIVES ME THE CREEPS BEING OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS! OH, WELL, I KNEW WHAT I WAS GETTING INTO WHEN I DECIDED TO BE A DOCTOR!...WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU JOE? YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD SINCE I CAME ABOARD!



THERE WAS NO REPLY! DR. BETHEL GASPED AT HIS YOUNG PILOT'S BEHAVIOR, THEN FOR THE FIRST TIME NOTICED THE GLAZED STARE IN HIS EYE...

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE ASLEEP ON YOUR FEET! DID I WAKE YOU OUT OF A DEEP SLUMBER?...SAY, WHAT IS THIS? CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?



STILL THERE WAS NO REPLY! NOW THE SILENCE BECAME EERIE, AND WHEN AT LAST THEY REACHED THE MAINLAND...

I'M RUSHING OFF TO THE HOSPITAL! I'LL TALK TO YOU IN THE MORNING, JOE! YOU'RE ACTING MIGHTY STRANGE!



PREPARING SWIFTLY FOR THE EMERGENCY OPERATION, DR. BETHEL WAS GIVEN A QUICK SUMMARY OF THE PATIENT'S CONDITION...

THERE'S CONSIDERABLE HEMORRHAGE AT THE BASE OF THE CORTEX! HE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE IF PRESSURE ISN'T RELIEVED AT ONCE! YOU WERE THE ONLY MAN AVAILABLE...

I UNDERSTAND! WELL, I'M JUST ABOUT READY!



EVERYTHING IS PREPARED! I'LL ASSIST YOU!

GOOD! LET'S GO!



BETHEL STRODE TO THE OPERATING TABLE, GLANCED RAPIDLY AT THE PATIENT, THEN RECOILED IN SHOCK...

WHAT'S WRONG, DOCTOR? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A...

IT... IT'S JOE CARDWELL! NO, I MUST BE GOING MAD!



YES, THAT IS THE PATIENT'S NAME! BUT WHAT'S SO EXTRAORDINARY?

SOMETHING QUITE IMPOSSIBLE HAS HAPPENED! BUT I...I CAN'T TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT NOW! THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS TO GET THE OPERATION OVER WITH!

FOR THREE HOURS THE SKILLFUL SURGEON WORKED FRANTICALLY! AT LAST...

BRILLIANT WORK, DOCTOR! YOU'VE DONE EVERYTHING POSSIBLE!

HE'LL LIVE, THANK HEAVENS! I EXPECT HIM TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS IN A FEW HOURS!

BETHEL NEVER LEFT THE PATIENT'S BEDSIDE! HIS MIND WAS AWHIRL WITH FANTASTIC EXPLANATIONS, NONE OF THEM SATISFACTORY! WHEN CARDWELL FINALLY OPENED HIS EYES...

WH-WHERE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, JOE! YOU AM I? YOU HAD A SUDDEN CLOT ON THE BRAIN... YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIT YOU! JOE, ANSWER THIS QUESTION... DO YOU HAVE A TWIN BROTHER?

NO...WHAT EVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA...? OHHH, MY HEAD'S SPINNING...

GIVE HIM A SEDATIVE, NURSE! I'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE!

BETHEL WENT IMMEDIATELY TO THE WHARF WHERE JOE CARDWELL RAN HIS BUSINESS...

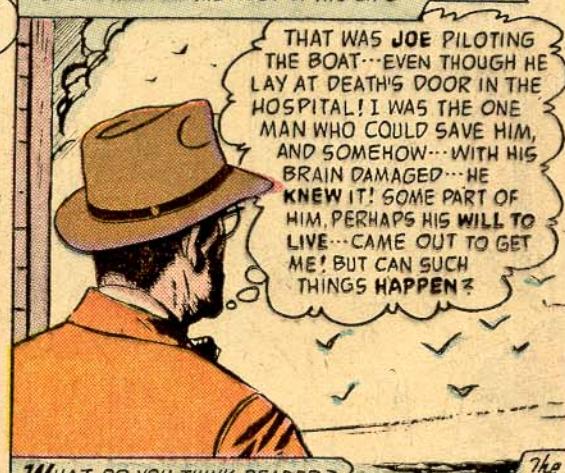
NO, NOBODY TOOK OVER FOR JOE LAST NIGHT! WHAT FOR? THE FOG WAS SO THICK YOU COULDN'T PUT A BOAT OUT TO SEA!

JOE CARDWELL'S SEA TAXI-R
I TELL YOU I CALLED JOE'S NUMBER AND SOMEBODY CAME OUT TO PICK ME UP!

DUNNO WHAT TO SAY, DOC! THE PHONES ALL WENT DEAD ALONG THE COAST LATE LAST NIGHT-- THE LINES WEREN'T FIXED TILL A LITTLE WHILE AGO!

I COULDN'T HAVE IMAGINED THE WHOLE THING! AFTER ALL, I'M HERE-- AND I CERTAINLY DIDN'T WALK ACROSS THE CHANNEL!

HE STOOD ON THE WHARF ALONE, LOOKING OUT TO SEA FOR A LONG TIME, THINKING THOUGHTS THAT WOULD PLAGUE HIM FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE...



WHAT DO YOU THINK, READER?

The END!

THE THREE YOUNG ENGINEERS HAD BEEN LIFELONG FRIENDS, AND THEIR URANIUM-HUNTING EXPEDITION WAS MERELY AN INTERESTING WAY TO SPEND THEIR VACATION! THEY DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND ANYTHING... CERTAINLY NOT ANYTHING SO FABULOUS AS THE OASIS! NOR DID THEY ANTICIPATE THE TERROR THEY WOULD KNOW, THE THREAT OF VIOLENT DOOM, ALL THE RESULT OF...

MUSHROOM MADNESS!



A MONTH HAD PASSED, AND THEY HAD FOUND NOTHING! THEY DIDN'T REALLY CARE, FOR THE EXPEDITION WAS MAINLY A LARK...

THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO MAKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT!

SWELL! I'LL SCOUT AROUND FOR SOME FIRE WOOD!



THE TRIP HAD BROUGHT THE THREE OF THEM EVEN CLOSER TOGETHER...

WELL, AT LEAST WE'VE SEEN THE WEST! IT SURE WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE TO GET RICH, THOUGH!

HEY, FELLAS... COME QUICK! LOOK WHAT I FOUND!

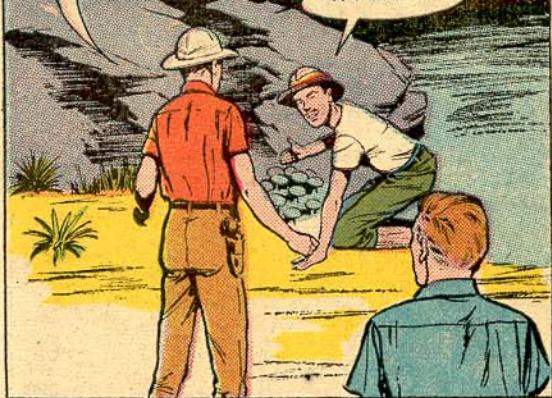


HOLY COW! I THOUGHT
MAYBE YOU FOUND
URANIUM! WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL ABOUT A
CLUMP OF MUSH-
ROOMS?

THEY'RE JUST THE MOST
DELICIOUS FOOD THERE IS,
THAT'S ALL! I DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW THEY GREW IN THIS
PART OF THE COUNTRY!
MAN, I'M GOING TO HAVE
A FEAST!

SURE YOU GUYS WON'T
HAVE SOME? I GATHERED
ENOUGH FOR AT LEAST
TWO MEALS!

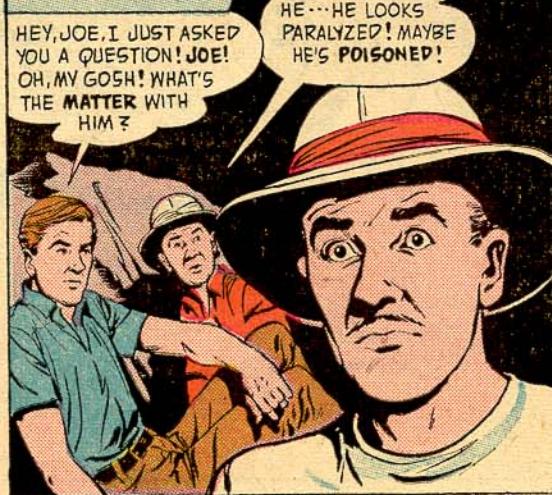
I HATE THE STUFF
MYSELF! I HOPE
YOU KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE DOING...
AREN'T SOME MUSH-
ROOMS POISONOUS?



I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS VARIETY
BEFORE, BUT I CAN TELL THEY'RE
SAFE! THEY'RE DELICIOUS!

DON'T RUB IT IN,
JOE... JUST BECAUSE
WE'VE GOT TO EAT
CANNED STUFF!

THEY SAT AROUND TALKING PLEASANTLY FOR ABOUT A
HALF HOUR WHEN...



THERE ISN'T A DOCTOR WITHIN
100 MILES OF...OH-OH, HE'S
STARTING TO MUMBLE
SOMETHING!

GOLD... GOLD!
THE OASIS...
UNTOLD WEALTH!

FOR 15 MINUTES, HE BARELY
AUDIBLE MUMBLING CONTINUED!
SUDDENLY JOE SNAPPED OUT OF
IT! HIS EYES GREW CLEAR...

I SAW EVERYTHING
CLEAR AS DAY!
WH-WHAT DO YOU
THINK IT MEANS?



FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS THE TRIO MOVED SOUTH, INTO THE BLISTERING HEAT OF THE DESERT...

IF YOU ASK ME, THERE JUST ISN'T ANY URANIUM IN NEVADA!

I'LL BET YOU COULD FRY EGGS ON THE SAND! MAN, IT MUST BE 120 TODAY!



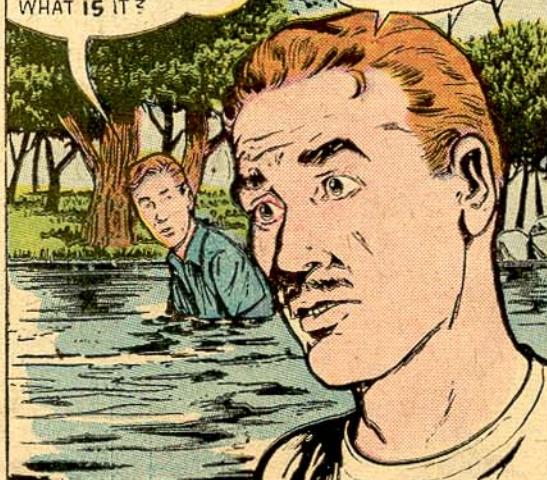
IT'S EXACT...IN EVERY DETAIL! FELLAS, THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT...

CLAM UP, JOE...AN OASIS IS AN OASIS! YOU WERE JUST BABBLING! LEMME AT THAT POOL!



GOOD GRIEF, HE'S GOT THAT GLAZED LOOK IN HIS EYES AGAIN! JOE, WHAT IS IT?

THE ROCK...UNDER THE ROCK! IT'S THERE!



ON AND ON THEY WENT, AND EACH DAY THE HEAT GREW MORE FIERCE! FOR TWO DAYS THEY HAD BEEN RATIONING WATER...

I... I'M SEEING THINGS! LOOK... ON THE HORIZON! IS THAT REAL?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



GREAT GUNS... IT'S AN OASIS! YIPPEE!

OH, NO... IT CAN'T BE! IT... IT'S EXACTLY LIKE MY HALLUCINATION!



AHHHHH... THIS IS THE LIFE! OLD JOE WAS SURE SEEING THINGS RIGHT! NOW IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME GOLD AROUND HERE!

DON'T KID ABOUT IT, FELLAS! I FEEL AWFUL NERVOUS... LIKE SOMETHING HORRIBLE WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN! THERE WAS A PART OF MY HALLUCINATION I CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER...

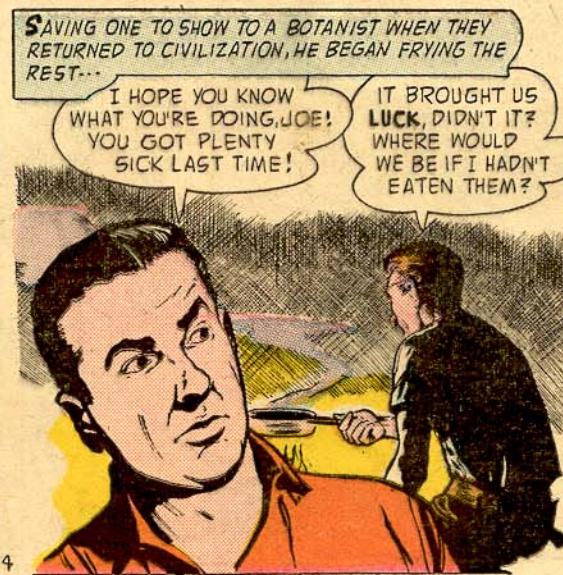


LIKE A MAN POSSESSED BY A DEMON, HE RACED FORWARD! HIS FACE WAS FRENZIED...

I... I CAN'T BUDGE IT! GIVE ME A HAND! QUICK!

HE... HE'S GONE OFF HIS ROCKER! OKAY, BOY, TAKE IT EASY!





DEEP WITHIN, HE WAS INTENSELY CURIOUS WHETHER HE'D HAVE ANOTHER HALLUCINATION, WHAT INFORMATION IT MIGHT CONTAIN! BUT BEDTIME CAME WITHOUT ANYTHING HAPPENING...

SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, JOE?

I'M FINE...THE MUSHROOMS HAD NO EFFECT! BETTER GET TO SLEEP...WE WANT TO GET AN EARLY START IN THE MORNING!

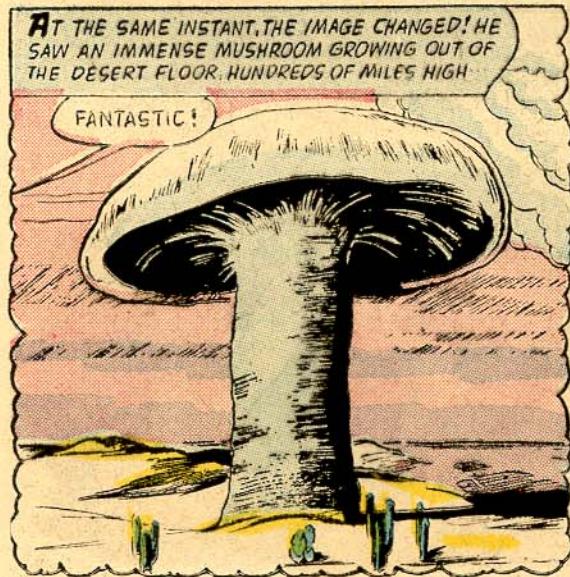


HE SAW THEM APPROACH HIS SLEEPING FORM, DRAW THEIR GUNS...



AT THE SAME INSTANT, THE IMAGE CHANGED! HE SAW AN IMMENSE MUSHROOM GROWING OUT OF THE DESERT FLOOR, HUNDREDS OF MILES HIGH...

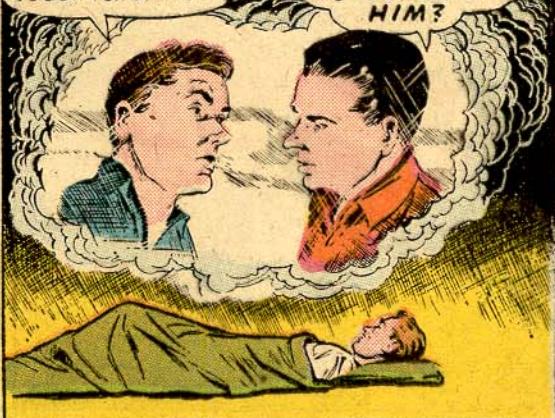
FANTASTIC!



THE MOMENT HE CLOSED HIS EYES SLEEP, UNNATURAL SLEEP, CAME ON! HE DREAMED, WITH INTENSE VIVIDNESS...

IF THERE WERE ONLY TWO OF US, THERE'D BE MORE DOUGH FOR EACH!

JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING! WHY DON'T WE...DISPOSE OF HIM?



THE GUNS GREW IMMENSELY LARGE, HE COULD SEE THE RIFLING WITHIN THE BARRELS! THEN THERE WAS A CRASH OF GUNFIRE, AN EXPLOSION LOUDER THAN ANYTHING HE HAD EVER HEARD...



HE WOKE WITH A START, GRABBING FOR HIS GUN...

NO YOU DON'T! I'M GOING TO... WHAT THE...! THEY'RE FAST ASLEEP! IT WAS ALL JUST A DREAM!



HE WAS WIDE AWAKE NOW, AWAKE AND WORRIED...

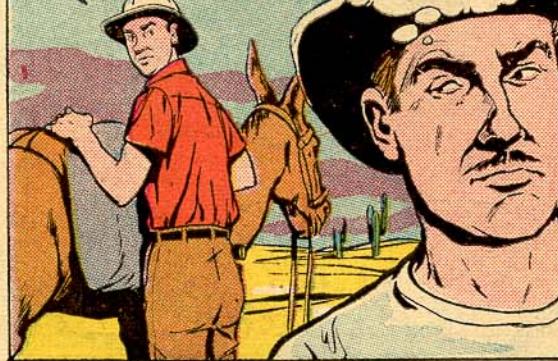
MAYBE IT WAS ONLY A DREAM... BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN A WARNING TOO! I DON'T TRUST MIKE AND FRANK... THEY JUST MIGHT BE PLANNING SOMETHING! I DON'T DARE SLEEP ANY MORE! THAT EXPLOSION AND THE BIG MUSHROOM... WHAT COULD THAT PART MEAN?



THEY BROKE CAMP NEXT MORNING, THE BAGS OF GOLD DUST SECURELY-TIED TO THE MULES...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PAL? DIDN'T YOU SLEEP WELL LAST NIGHT? I SNOOZED LIKE A ROCK!

THEY NOTICE THAT I'M TIRED! MAYBE THEY'RE WAITING FOR ME TO LOSE ALERTNESS... I'VE GOT TO KEEP ON MY TOES!



A FRAID TO TURN HIS BACK ON THEM, HE MANAGED THINGS SO THAT HE WALKED BEHIND THEM...

NOW I CAN KEEP THEM UNDER OBSERVATION AT ALL TIMES! CAN'T LET THEM GET TOO FAR AHEAD, THOUGH... I DON'T WANT THEM WHISPERING ANYTHING I CAN'T HEAR!



THE HOURS PASSED, AND THE SUN BEAT DOWN UNMERCIFULLY! JOE FELT DIZZY AND AFRAID, FOR HE COULD NO LONGER HEAR HIS FRIENDS TALKING! WHO KNEW WHAT THEY MIGHT BE CONSPIRING?

M-MIKE'S GOT HIS HAND CLOSE TO HIS GUN, AS IF HE MIGHT WHIRL AND FIRE ANY SECOND! OH, LORD, WHAT SHOULD I DO?



HE NO LONGER COULD SEE STRAIGHT... GREAT WAVES OF HEAT SEEMED TO RISE FROM THE DESERT FLOOR...

I'M... SO TIRED AND SCARED! MAYBE I SHOULD ATTACK BEFORE THEY DO IT FIRST! WH- WHAT AM I THINKING? THESE GUYS ARE MY LIFELONG BUDDIES! THOSE MUSHROOMS MUST HAVE SCRAMBLED MY BRAINS!



HE'D NEVER HAD SUCH THOUGHTS BEFORE, BUT NOW WITH LOUD RINGING IN HIS EARS AND HIS STRENGTH GONE, HIS FRIENDS SUDDENLY WHIRLED...



HE STUMBBLED TO HIS KNEES, REACHING FOR HIS GUN, JUST AS THEIR GUNS BLAZED! HIS OWN SHOTS WERE WILD...



EVEN IN HIS DAZED STATE, HE REALIZED THAT SOMETHING WAS AMISS! HE TURNED AS FRANK RAN PAST HIM...

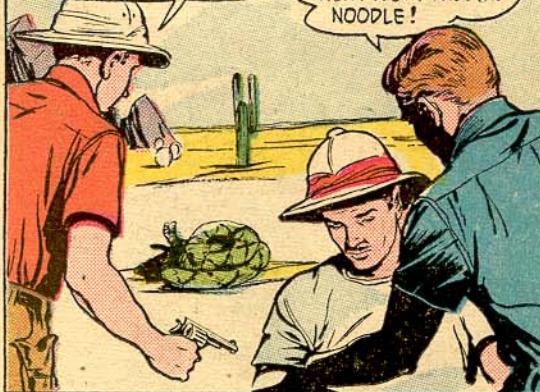
GOT THE RATTLER CLEAN!
RIGHT THROUGH THE EYES!

WHAT WERE YOU FIRING
AT, JOE? YOUR SLUG
WENT RIGHT PAST MY
NOODLE!

ONLY THEN DID HE UNDERSTAND THAT HIS FRIENDS WERE FIRING AT SOMETHING BEHIND HIM, TRYING TO SAVE HIS LIFE!

DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE RATTLER?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
WHAT WERE YOU FIRING
AT?

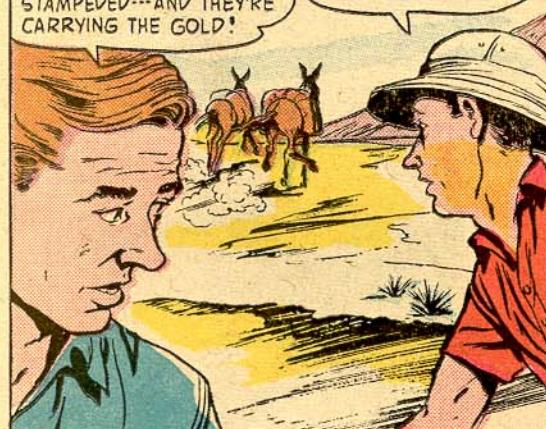
YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?
YOU ALMOST HIT ME!
WHAT WERE YOU
TRYING TO DO?



IN THE CONFUSION THEY HAD NOT NOTICED THAT THE MULES, TERRIFIED BY THE RATTLER AND THE GUN-FIRE, HAD BOLTED...

OH, MY GOSH! THEY'VE STAMPEDED---AND THEY'RE CARRYING THE GOLD!

AFTER THEM! THEY MUSTN'T GET AWAY!



WITH BURSTING LUNGS AND LEADEN FEET THEY PURSUED THE TERRIFIED ANIMALS, STUMBLING AND FALLING ACROSS THE BURNING DESERT FLOOR, WHILE SAND CHOKED THEIR LUNGS...

I---I'M SORRY, FELLAS!
I MUST'VE BEEN NUTS...

SAVE YOUR
STRENGTH! WE'VE
GOT TO CATCH UP
WITH THEM!



EVERY PASSING MOMENT CARRIED THE MULES FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY! UNABLE TO RUN ANY LONGER, THEY TRUDGED WEARILY ON...

THEY'RE NOT EVEN IN SIGHT ANY MORE! OUR ONLY HOPE IS THAT THEY'LL SLOW DOWN WHEN THEIR FEAR IS GONE!

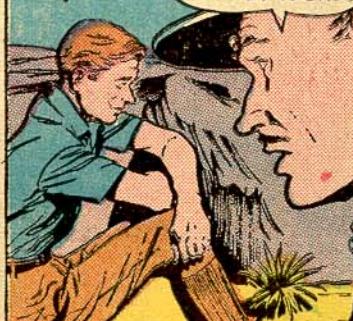
WE CAN'T LET THEM ESCAPE!
THEY'RE CARRYING OUR
FORTUNE!



NOW THEY WERE DEAD BEAT! THEY SAT DOWN UNDER THE BLAZING SUN TO REST...

THE MULES MUST BE MILES UP AHEAD BY NOW...

LISTEN, FELLAS,
YOU'VE GOT TO
BELIEVE ME! I
LOST MY HEAD! IT
WAS ALL THOSE
MUSHROOMS...
THEY GAVE ME
CRAZY IDEAS!



I HAD A DREAM---LIKE A WARNING!
AND THERE WAS A GREAT EXPLOSION,
AND A MUSHROOM GROWING MILES HIGH...

YOU'RE STILL OUT OF YOUR
HEAD! HOLY COW, IF WE
DON'T CATCH THOSE
MULES, WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO FOR
WATER?



SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT, LIKE THAT OF A THOUSAND SUNS, AND FOR AN INSTANT, THE SILENCE OF THE DESERT REMAINED UNBROKEN...

GREAT HEAVENS!
WHAT'S THAT?

MY EYES!
I CAN'T
SEE!

AND THEN... A MIGHTY ROAR! A DEAFENING ROAR ALMOST TOO MUCH FOR HUMAN FLESH TO BEAR...

IT'S AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION!
FLATTEN OUT! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

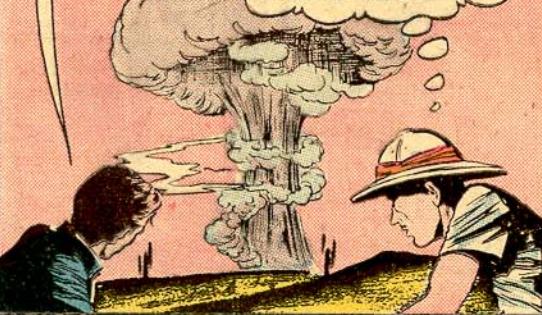
BARROOOOM!



ALL THREE REALIZED AT ONCE THAT THEY HAD, IN THEIR STUPIDITY, STUMBLED INTO A U.S. GOVERNMENT ATOMIC TESTING AREA! THEY QUAILLED IN TERROR AS THE BLAST WAVE PASSED OVER THEM! THEN...

THANK HEAVENS
... WE'RE
SAFE!

THERE IT IS... THE GREATEST MUSHROOM I'VE EVER SEEN... BUT IT ISN'T A REAL MUSHROOM... JUST THE SHAPE OF AN ATOMIC CLOUD...



TWO HOURS LATER, THEY WERE PICKED UP BY U.S. JEEPS PATROLLING THE AREA! THEY BEGGED FOR WORD OF THE MULES...

YOU GUYS KIDDING? ANYTHING CLOSER TO THE BLAST THAN YOU WERE WOULD'VE BEEN PULVERIZED! WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT A COUPLE OF MULES? YOU GUYS ARE LUCKY YOU'RE ALIVE!



SO THE GOLD WAS GONE, AND THE THREE BUDDIES HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO GO BACK TO THEIR JOBS! EVERYTHING WAS ALMOST THE SAME BETWEEN THEM, BUT THERE WAS A CERTAIN COOLNESS NOW...

THEY CAN'T FORGIVE ME... AND I DON'T BLAME THEM! THAT I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THEY WANTED TO HURT ME... THAT I FIRED AT THEM... WHAT COULD HAVE GOTTEN INTO ME?



JOE TOOK THE DRIED MUSHROOM HE'D SAVED IN HIS POCKET TO A BOTANIST...

A VERY INTERESTING SPECIMEN... NEVER BEEN CATALOGUED! WON'T YOU LEAVE IT HERE FOR ANALYSIS? I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOU FOUND IT GROWING!



ALONE AND IN PRIVATE, HE BURNED THE THING CAREFULLY...

BETTER THAT MANKIND DOES NOT DISCOVER ITS PROPERTIES! FOR WHAT DOES IT DO BUT TURN LOOSE THE DARKEST SIDE OF MAN'S MIND, AS IT DID WITH ME? AS FOR PEERING INTO THE FUTURE, IT ONLY BRINGS GRIEF! HOW I WISH THIS THING HAD NEVER COME MY WAY!



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EDITOR



No, we haven't changed our announced policy of devoting more space to your letters, readers! We're just waiting to hear from you on whether you want last month's big letter spread made a permanent policy. Address your vote to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown," 347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. Meanwhile, here are a few interesting items!

"Dear Editor:-

I like your stories, but I've got one criticism—they're not true. How's about giving us stuff that really happened?

—Tom Ericson, Chicago, Ill."

Come off it, will you, Tom? We never pretended that this was a history book—it's an adventure magazine in which we print exciting and amazing stories that thrill and entertain. Don't believe that old saw about truth being stranger than fiction—it just ain't so!

"Dear Editor:-

I Never dreamed I'd come across a comic with nerve enough to print a story like 'The Strange-ness of Mr. McGillicuddy.' Why? Because it's really great, with imagination and humor to it. Orchids to 'Adventures Into The Unknown'!

—Lillian Hartson, Syracuse, N.Y."

Take your nose out of the air and come down to earth, Lillian. Good comics magazines always strive after imagination in their stories. We always do—and we were lucky enough to have clicked all the way on this yarn!

"Dear Editor:-

You'd think that even morons would get tired of the stuff you keep dishing out. I don't see how anybody believes the letters you print—you write them yourself, don't you?

—Joseph Maczyk, Austin Tex."

If we did, we'd write smarter ones than yours. We've got only one comment for people like you. In a word—phooey!

"Dear Editor:-

I've been reading 'Adventures Into The Unknown' for ten years. At the beginning, your stuff was scarier. But now it's better—there's thought to your plots and challenge to your stories. Thanks!

—Ed Reilly, Wichita, Kans."

You're welcome, Ed. It's nice satisfying a reader like you!

"Dear Editor:-

I've always liked 'Adventures Into The Unknown'—matter of fact, it's been my favorite for years. Then along comes an issue like you ran in December—and I feel like starting a one-man rebellion. Why? Let's take 'A Higher Power'—a story that's been done to death, over and over. 'The Anyweight Champion'—a jerky plot that didn't convince me for a second. 'Remote Control'—just plain dull. Oh, sure, 'Doom Foiled' was really fine on all scores, but it didn't make up for the rest. A magazine of great stories like you've run should be ashamed!

—Sal Tassoni, Bucyrus, Ohio"

We feel a bit shamefaced, Sal, because you've got a case. This issue could have been better, but we more than made up for it in our January number. Read it—and tell us how you liked "Pie In The Sky." And how about "Pipe Dream?", in February—"The Endless Chain" in March? We're sure we'll be more than forgiven!

"Dear Editor:-

I'm swearing off television as long as I can read stories like 'Adventures Into The Unknown' publishes. Your magazine holds the attention from beginning to end, with better writers than TV seems to have!

—Dorothy Gorman, Minneapolis, Minn."

We've seen many of the stories we reject show up on a television screen. We'll continue to try to do our best for you, Dorothy. "Adventures Into The Unknown" is an old hand at thrilling and entertaining, you know!

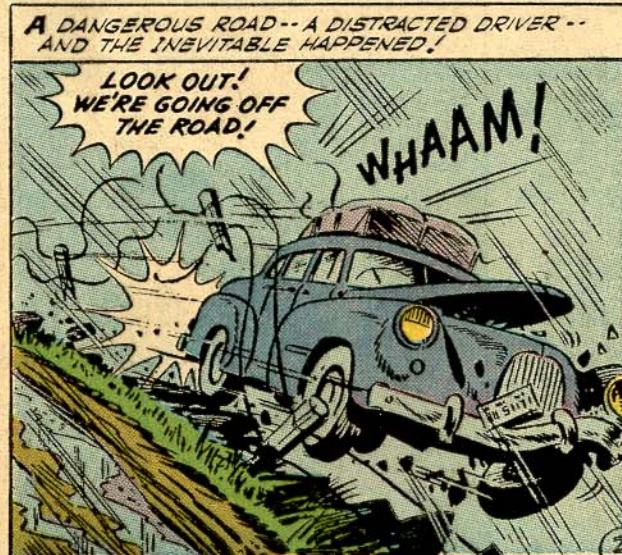
Here's a strange, startling story -- one with a beginning, but no conclusion! Will it ever finish? That's for **YOU** to decide
-- after you've read --

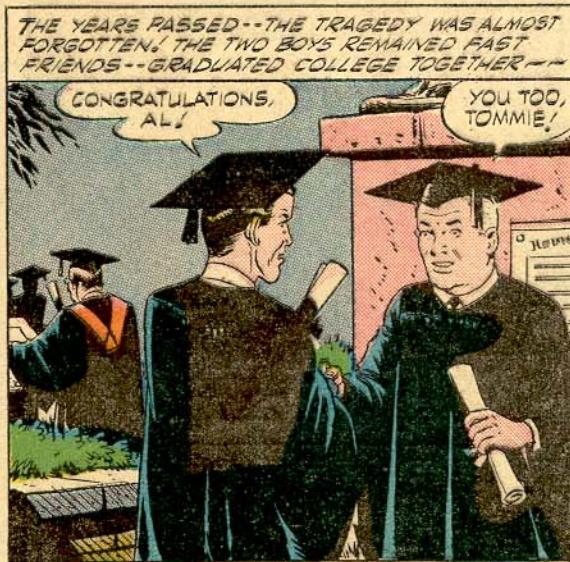
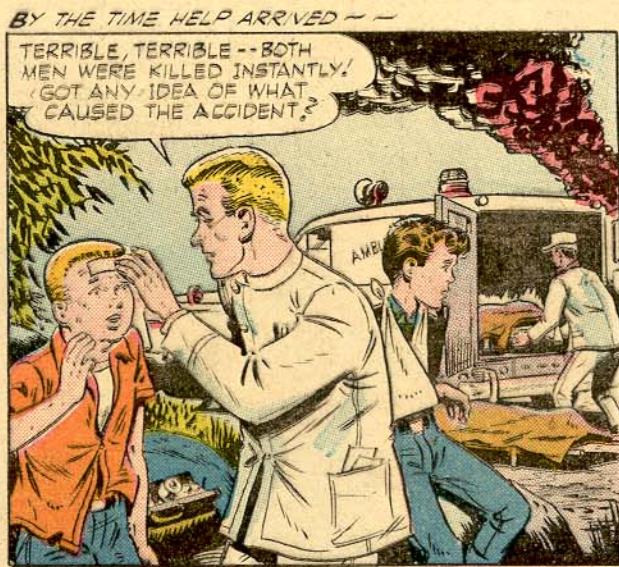
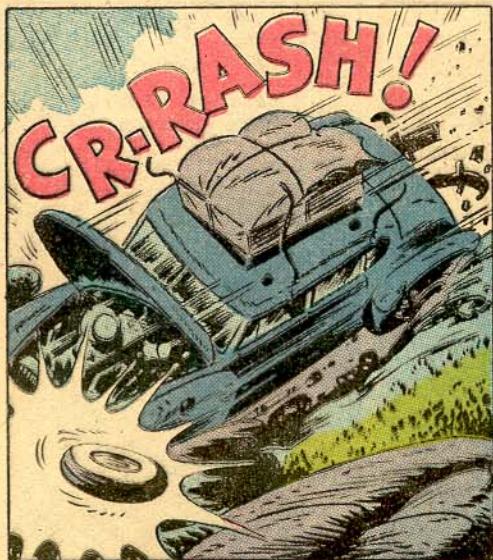
THE ENDLESS CHAIN!



Meet
TOMMIE BURNS
AND **AL FOSTER**...
AWAY
FROM
HOME
TOGETHER
FOR
THE
FIRST
TIME
IN
THEIR
LIVES!
THEY
WERE
SPENDING
THEIR
VACATION
HITCH-
HIKING--







IT WAS A GREAT TRIP -- THEY HAD A WONDERFUL TIME --

THIS SURE IS THE LIFE, HUH?
I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO SHAVE UNTIL I GET HOME!

ME NEITHER! CAN YOU IMAGINE THE HOWL THE GIRLS WILL SET UP WHEN THEY SEE US?



TOO SOON THE WEEKS OF "ROUGHING IT" WERE OVER! IT WAS TIME TO RETURN --

TOO BAD WE'VE GOT TO HEAD FOR HOME. IT SURE WAS A GREAT TRIP, WASN'T IT?

RIGHT! NOTHING BEATS GETTING CLOSE TO NATURE, I ALWAYS SAY!



WAIT'LL THE GIRLS SEE WHAT WE LOOK LIKE -- BOY, WILL THEY RAISE THE ROOF!

UH-HUH -- SAY, WE'RE RUNNING INTO BAD WEATHER! IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!



LOOK AT THOSE TWO KIDS OUT IN THIS CLOUDBURST! WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GIVE 'EM A BREAK?

GRAY -- I'LL STOP FOR 'EM!



PILE IN, KIDS! NO SENSE IN DROWNING!

GEE -- THANKS! WE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D STOP!

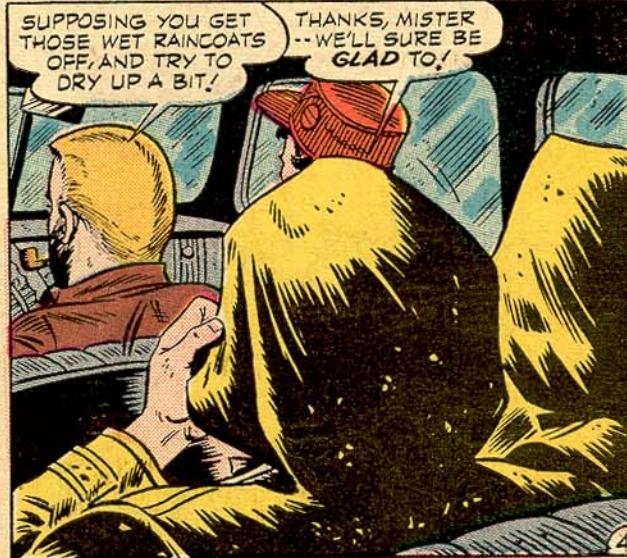


HOPE THE WAY WE LOOK DOESN'T SCARE YOU YOUNGSTERS! WE'VE BEEN ON A CAMPING TRIP IN THE WOODS -- WHO WAS GOING TO BOTHER SHAVING?



SUPPOSING YOU GET THOSE WET RAINCOATS OFF, AND TRY TO DRY UP A BIT!

THANKS, MISTER -- WE'LL SURE BE GLAD TO!

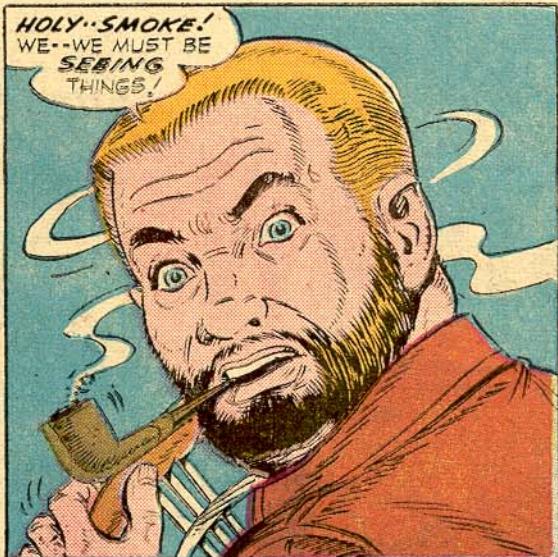


AND THEN IT HAPPENED -- AS IT HAD IN THE
YEARS LONG FLED --

OH, N-NO..
IT CAN'T BE!
AL-L-LOOK
AT THOSE
KIDS!

HUH...?

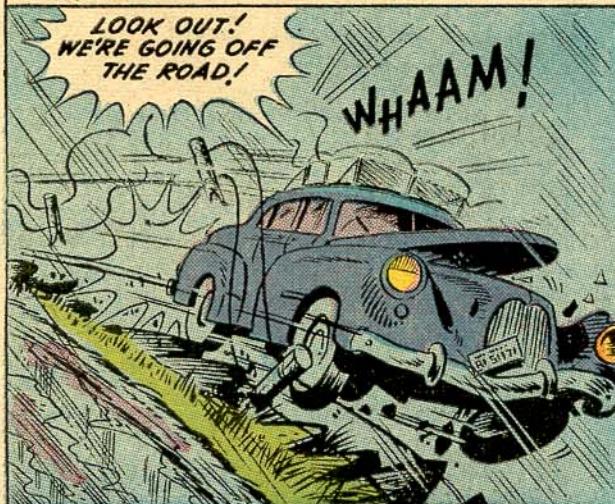
HOLY..SMOKE!
WE--WE MUST BE
SEEING
THINGS!



ONCE AGAIN, THE STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES MOVED
TOWARDS THE SAME CONCLUSION --

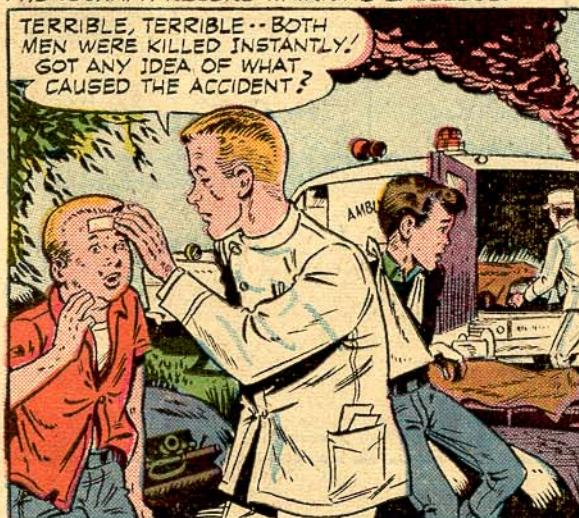
LOOK OUT!
WE'RE GOING OFF
THE ROAD!

WHAAM!



LIKE A CONSTANTLY RECURRING PICTURE -- LIKE A
PHONOGRAPH RECORD WHIRRING ENDLESSLY --

TERRIE, TERRIE -- BOTH
MEN WERE KILLED INSTANTLY!
GOT ANY IDEA OF WHAT
CAUSED THE ACCIDENT?



WE--WE DON'T KNOW!
THEY BOTH LOOKED
AROUND AT US--AS
IF THEY WERE
SEEING SOMETHING
OUT OF THIS
WORLD--

--AND THEN
IT HAPPENED!

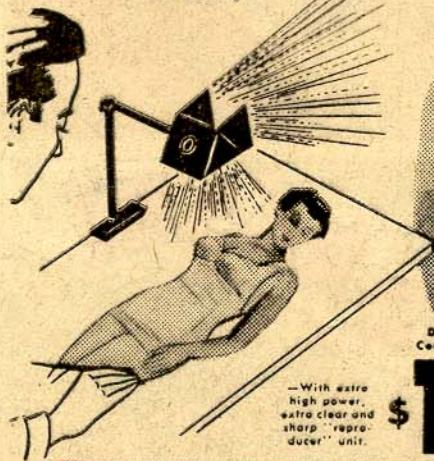


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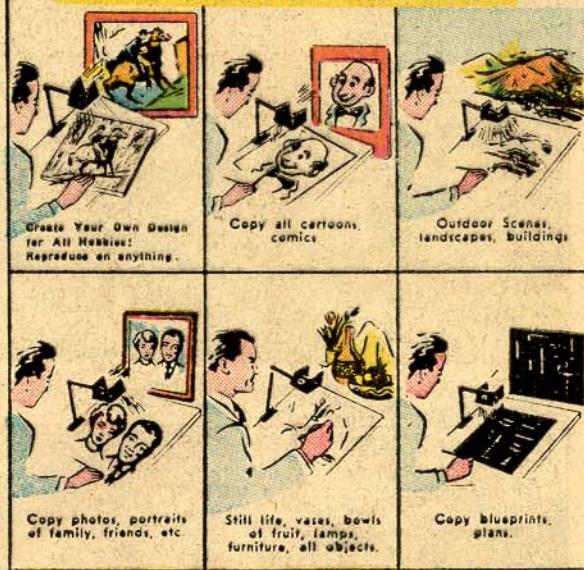
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